

Gal Costa - London, London

tom: I'm wandering round and round, nowhere to I'm lonely in London, London is lovely so I cross the streets without fear Everybody keeps the way clear Am7 D Am7 D G
I know I know no one here to say hello G7 I know they keep the way clear I am lonely in London without fear I'm wandering round and round, nowhere to C D While my eyes go looking for flying saucers In the sky Oh Sunday, Monday, Autumn pass by me C D G G7 And people hurry on so peacefully A group approaches a policeman He seems so pleased to please them It's good at least, to live, and $\ensuremath{\mathrm{I}}$ agree He seems so pleased, at least

And it's so good to live in peace And Sunday, Monday, years, and I agree While my eyes go looking for flying saucers D G In the sky I choose no face to look at, choose no way D I just happen to be here, and it's ok Green grass, blue eyes, grey sky
G
Em God bless silent pain and happiness C D I came around to say yes, and I say D But my eyes go looking for flying saucers In the sky Yes my eyes go looking for flying saucers $\frac{D}{G}$ In the sky While my eyes go looking for flying saucers D G С Oh my eyes go looking for flying saucers in Yes my eyes go looking for flying saucers

D G In the sky

Acordes

